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The front boy bent his cap, the rest
march behind his visor, safe
the only semblance of a battlement
except the rods, pails, oars
and that stray terrier do add support.

It is the kid
assigned to terrorize the rear
commanding, "Car! Car!" makes me
consider from my car,
Could their horse sustain a mount?
Could this scene provoke a war?
When does this squad wear through
their truss of hands? their mobile truth

brakes from the rear,
Watch out for me!
Watch out for me!

-- Simon Perchik

The Builder

Resting from my own work, I used to sit by a certain window and look out at the empty hillside. It was covered with sedge grass. The hillside didn't belong to me. I don't know who owned it.

One morning, I looked out and a man was bending over some stones. I watched him lift them, and pile them on top of each other, until none lay scattered on the ground. He went over the hill at about four o'clock and I went back to my work.

The following morning, he was there. I watched him commence, and then when he was finished, I watched him go over the hill. A wall took shape that day.

I was never at the window early enough to watch him arrive. To see how he transported the stones. Maybe he had to lug them from a long way. Maybe many of them lay about in the vicinity. I don't know.

The third morning, he was on the hillside and I was at the window when he lifted the first stone from the trampled grass. Maybe it was the second day.